http://community.livejournal.com/comment_fic/166654.html?thread=36079102#t36079102

a re imagining of Gabriel's role in Season Five and one's a tragic love story. Hurrah for **comment_fic**!

[set before Crowley gives the 'Chesters the Colt. Also contains Gabriel being a sneaky mastermind.]

Gabriel slid a finger along Crowley's newest decoration, chuckling quietly to himself. It was *always* satisfying to see a plan come together. He knew demons - had slain a lot of them, had purified plenty, and now? Now he'd tricked one.

All those years as a Trickster had paid off, even if he hadn't chosen the role specifically for this purpose. But now he had his own personal demon on the payroll, complete with severed ties from Lucifer and an intact mind.

Crowley was still glaring at him, stiff-jawed and Gabriel didn't need to read his mind (he could, now) to see how badly he wanted the contract burnt and destroyed, intangible thing that it was.

"It's hard to burn a kiss, you know." Gabriel said with a smirk, and Crowley's glare only got worse.

He let his new pet demon sulk for about a minute before getting down to business. Gabriel stopped tracing the collar - sweet, sweet irony for a demon who used hellhounds for protection - and snapped his fingers.

The Colt appeared in his hands, summoned from wherever Crowley had stashed it.

"What's yours is mine, and what's mine is mine," Gabriel murmured, checking it over. "Very nice gun. Shame it wouldn't work on me, or you'd have a way out of this."

"What do you want me to do?" Oh, Gabriel could see Crowley's pride being wounded with every word. Still, he was a smart demon, and he wouldn't go out of his way to be difficult, not without a safe place to hide from Gabriel.

Senior demon or no, Gabriel was one of the reusable nukes in Heaven's army. Crowley wasn't stupid.

"You're going to give this to the Winchesters," Gabriel smirked. "Explain to them that you want them to kill Lucifer with it," His smirk widened. "And that you want him dead. I'm sure you can think up a reason."

As Gabriel dropped the gun in Crowley's hands, Crowley was back to glaring.

"Except that it won't kill him, Lucifer will have an easy reason to kill me, and

you're sending the Winchesters to certain death."

"There is that, yes," Gabriel shrugged. "But they'll survive Lucifer. So will you, I wager, if we turn your tailor into you. It really will help get the hounds off your tail if they think you're dead already."

"…my *tailor*? Not the gardener?"

"Hop to it, Crowley." Gabriel made shoo-ing gestures. "Winchesters to trick. Destinies to set on track."

And with that, he opened a chocolate bar, satisfied as a cat with cream.